Hubert Herkomer, the famous English painter, sees the beginning of a splendid future for architects in America.

There is great complaint of the adulteration of food in the City of Mexico. Even the bread is tampered with.

It is predicted that $500,000,000 of English and Irish capital will be invested in this country within the next four years.

They are attempting to acclimatize American oysters from Connecticut in several places along the coast of Sweden. So far the oysters thrive well.

There are in the Treasury vaults at Washington nearly a pint of diamonds and other precious stones that were presented to various Presidents by admiring friends.

The English "canteen," a system by which regular soldiers improve the comforts of army life—never too great at the best—has been introduced in American army posts with great success.

A man in Chicago threatens suicide if that city does not prove to be larger than Brooklyn. His fellow-citizens do not care what he does, comments the Detroit *Free Press*, if he will only live long enough to be counted.

General Sherman has offered a prize of $100 for the best essay written by an army officer of the school of application on the subject of the influence Fort Leavenworth, Kan., has had on the civilization of the surrounding country.

In the United States Army there are eight per cent. of officers and ninety-two per cent. of men out of a total of 27,167, and in the English Army there are four per cent. of officers and ninety-six per cent. of men out of a total of 210,105.

The Washington *Star* says that the discovery by the ornithologists that a war upon the pestiferous sparrow, in order to be successful, must be carried on by Canada and the United States in concert, furnishes a new argument for union between the two countries.

At the close of the past year there were completed and in course of construction in this country eighty-five electric railways, comprising about 450 miles of track, and the reports show that during the first year over 18,000,000 passengers have been carried over these lines.

The United States Supreme Court has repeatedly said that a man's right under his patent for an invention is as absolute as under a patent for lands, and no one would say that one should lose the right to his house because some one else saw fit to take possession of it against his will.

A Kentuckian shot himself with suicidal intent, the other day, and died after several hours of intense suffering. Being asked how it happened that with his known skill with the pistol he did not kill himself instantly, he said he wished to live long enough to be forgiven for his act.

Says *Harper's Bazar:* "The figure 9 in our dates is with us and has come to stay. No man or woman, now living, will ever date a document without using a 9. It now stands on the extreme right—1889. Next year it will be the second place—1890—and there it will stay for ten years. It will then move up to third place—1900—and rest there for one hundred years."

If any persons have been frightened by recent rumors of a coming deficiency in the beef supply of the country, they can find reassurance in this year's report of the Agricultural Department on farm animals. To put the statement in round numbers, there were 25,000,000 in the United States in 1860, 33,000,000 in 1880, and 50,000,000 in 1888, the year covered by the last report.

No Treasury in the world ever contained so vast a sum of money, boasts the San Francisco *Chronicle*, as that of the United States. The last statement shows that there is in the Treasury vaults over six hundred millions in gold and silver coin and bullion. Of gold coin and bullion the amount is $303,504,319; silver coin and bullion, $315,343,180. By the side of this vast accumulation the treasures of other countries, and those recorded in history, sink into insignificance.

A curious question of etiquette will prevent the Shah of Persia from visiting the Sultan of Turkey at Constantinople. The latter is too full of pomp and dignity to go down to the train to meet a guest, and always receives his visitors at the Yildiz Kiosque. The Shah, however, thinks that the Turkish potentate should meet him at the depot, and as neither will yield the point, the difference of opinion on this subtle question of etiquette will prevent the Shah from seeing the beauties of the Sultan's harem.

AN EVEN-SONG.

Come out, the leaves are all astir
  With light winds out of nowhere fleeting;
Come out, dear lad, and sing to her
  For whom your heart is beating,
While all its throbs bespeak her.
  Let music fill the whole wide air,
  The evening charm completing,
  Just with her name's repeating,
  Just with her name, the sweeting;
Come out, dear lad, and seek her.

Come down, fair maid, nor wait afar
  The strain so faint, so slender;
Come down, and let the evening star
  Sink in your softer splendor,
While night-moths round you hover.
  Nor stirring leaves nor singing tones
  Can any meaning render
  So sweet as love's surrender,
  So sweet as love, so tender;
Come, maid, and meet your lover.

—*Harriet P. Spofford, in Bazar.*

A SLIP OF THE PEN.

It was all Dicky Carshalton's fault.

In many respects an amiable youth, he can not be said to be possessed of the finer feelings, and perhaps is not aware of the extent of the discomfort he produced in more sensitive people. A frequenter of parties of every description, he is fond of varying the monotony of the social routine by various little practices. Of these his favorite—not, alas! peculiar to himself—is commonly known as spoiling sport. Whenever Dicky sees a pair of people who appear to take particular delight in one another's society, showing a tendency to seek unto themselves retreats—he is never satisfied until, by some bold stroke or cunning stratagem, he has succeeded in separating them, or at least in destroying their enjoyment for the rest of one evening.

The happy possessor of an exhaustless supply of self-confidence and the most brazen impudence—the objects of his attacks, moreover, being from the nature of their position comparatively defenseless—it is needless to add that though Dicky has his failures on record they are greatly outstripped in numbers by his successes. So there is nothing wonderful in the fact that Dicky was at the bottom of the unfortunate affair with Jack and Ethel.

Matters had long been in a delicate and critical state between those young people. Jack had told himself over and over again that Ethel was a flirt, and that he for one had no intention of adding himself to the list of her victims, while Ethel had relieved her feelings by repeatedly assuring herself that Jack was a cross fellow, who cared for nothing but his books and was quite impervious to the charms of womanhood.

But that night at the Warringtons things really did seem to be taking a turn for the better. Ethel had boldly turned her back on half a dozen other admirers, and Jack, looking down into her honest eyes, was rapidly forgetting the doubts and fears which had tormented him during the last months.

There is no knowing what might not have happened had it not been for Dicky, who came up to them at this hopeful stage of affairs, his shoulders in his ears, his hair brushed to a nicety, and with the most unmistakable look of mischief in his prominent eyes.

"Good evening, Miss Mariner," he said, taking Ethel's hand in his and squeezing it with empressement; and then the two poor things, suddenly awakened from their dream, stood there chill and helpless while Dicky fired off his accustomed volley of chaff, and Ethel, with feminine presence of mind, ventured on one or two little popguns on her own account.

"Miss Mariner," he said at last, with a satisfied glance at Jack's sullen face, "have you been into the conservatory? They've put in a lot of pink lamps and there's the most scrumptious tete-a-tete chair you can imagine."

Poor Ethel looked up at Jack, who stood by furious and sulky.

"He is only too glad to get rid of me. He hasn't the ordinary kindness to rescue me from this bore. And I have been so horribly amiable to him," she thought in despair.

"If she likes that popinjay let her go with him! I'm sorry for her taste, that's all," reflected Jack. And in another minute Ethel found herself actually seated in the tete-a-tete chair with Dicky, whose large eyes were rolling triumphantly in the light of the rose-colored lamps.

She did not succeed in making her escape till it was time to go home. Jack was nowhere to be seen, and she drove back in the chill gray morning with the heaviest heart she had known for many days.

"Ethel," said her mother at breakfast the next morning, "did you have a pleasant time at the Warringtons'?"

"Oh, yes, mamma, said Ethel, drearily. She was pale and heavy-eyed; I think she had not slept all night."

"And who was there?" went on Mrs. Mariner, helping herself to buttered eggs with cheery briskness.

Ethel enumerated various people. "And Dicky Carshalton," she concluded, "and Jack Davenant."

The last name slipped out with exaggerated carelessness, and yet it was whirring about in the poor girl's head and had been doing so for the last five or six hours like an imprisoned blue-bottle in a glass.

"Jack—Jack—Jack Davenant." Was she never to have another definite thought again?

"By-the-by," said Mrs. Mariner, as she rose from table, "will you send a note to Florence Byrne? I want her to lunch here to-morrow at half-past 1. The Singletons are coming."

Ethel moved to the writting table, blushing faintly. She remembered that Mrs. Byrne was Jack Davenant's cousin.

"Half-past 1, recollect," cried her mother, as she rustled from the room.

Ethel listlessly took up her pen and pulled a sheet of paper toward her. It was not stamped with the address, but she failed to notice this, and began at once:

"My dear Mrs. Byrne."

Then she stopped short and the buzzing in her brain went on worse than ever.

The note got written at last, all but the signature, and then she began to wonder dreamily if she should sign herself "Yours very sincerely" or "Yours affectionately."

"Ethel, Ethel!" cried her mother, putting her head in at the door, "I am going out. Give me the note for Florence, I can take it to the post."

Guilty and ashamed, Ethel seized her pen and wrote hastily, but in a bold hand:

"Yours very sincerely,
"JACK DAVENANT."

Mrs. Byrne neither came to lunch nor answered the Mariners' invitation. Mrs. Mariner expressed surprise at this want of courtesy and apologized to the Singletons for having no one to meet them.

"Are you sure, Ethel, you told her the right day? Florence is in town, I know, and it is so unlike her to be rude."

"I think it was all right, mamma," Ethel replied vaguely, and never gave another thought to the matter.

But the morning of the next day, as she was practicing her singing in the great holland-shrouded dining-room, the door was flung open to admit a benign and comely lady, who advanced smiling toward her.

"Mrs. Byrne!" cried Ethel in some surprise, getting off the music-stool.

Mrs. Byrne established herself comfortably in a deep arm-chair, then beckoned the young girl mysteriously with a well-gloved finger: "Come over here, Ethel."

Ethel drew a stool to the other's side and sat down, smiling but mystified.

Mrs. Byrne played a little with the clasp of the silver-mounted hand-bag which she carried, from which, having at last succeeded in opening it, she produced a stamped envelope addressed to herself.

"Do you know that handwriting?" she said, flourishing it before Ethel's astonished eyes.

"It is my own; I wrote to ask you to lunch," poor Ethel answered simply; while the thought flashed across her mind that Mrs. Byrne had probably gone mad.

"Read it, then," cried that lady, with an air of suppressed amusement which lent color to the notion.

Ethel unfolded it quickly, then sat transfixed like one who receives a sudden and fatal injury. For before her horror-stricken eyes glared these words, in her own handwriting: "Yours very sincerely, Jack Davenant."

"What does it mean?" she cred at last in a hoarse voice, for it seemed that some fiendish magic had been at work.

"That's what I want to know," Mrs. Byrne answered more gently. "I received this note the day before yesterday. There was no address, and the handwriting was certainly not Jack's. Nor is my cousin in the least likely to invite me to lunch at his chambers. So I wrote off to him at once and told him to drop in to dinner if he had anything to say to me."

Ethel had risen to her feet, and was standing with a little frozen smile on her face; but at this point she broke in hurriedly:

"Did you show him (Mr. Davenant) the letter?"

Mrs. Byrne nodded. She was not a person of delicate perceptions and had come here bent on a little harmless amusement, but somehow the amusement was not forthcoming.

Ethel clasped her cold hands together in a frenzy of despair. She knew that Jack was familiar with her handwriting. Had he not made little criticisms, severe and tender, on the occasional notes of invitation which she had addressed to him?

"Jack said he knew nothing about the note and hadn't the ghost of an idea what it meant?"

"Oh, Jack, Jack," cried Ethel's heart in parenthesis, "what must you think of me?"

Mrs. Byrne went on: "Grace Allison came in later and the mystery was cleared up. She swore to your handwriting and we concluded you had done it in a fit of absence of mind. Poor old Jack, how she did chaff him?"

Ethel was trying to recover her presence of mind.

"How could I have made such a stupid mistake?" she said, with a short laugh. "I suppose I was pursuing some train of thought. I had met your cousin at a party the night before—you know how it is."

Mrs. Byrne was sorry for the girl's distress.

"It's a mistake anyone might have made, though you must own it was rather funny. However, I can assure you this—it won't get any further. Jack is scarcely likely to tell, and Grace has sworn on her honor."

Ethel laughed again, meaninglessly. As far as she was concerned the whole world was welcome to know it now. No deeper disgrace could befall her. "I wonder if he is shrieking with laughter or merely sick with disgust," the poor girl thought when her obtuse and aimable visitor had at last departed. "Oh, how I hate him—how I hate him!" Which was hard on Jack, considering that his own conduct in the matter had been irreproachable. But Ethel was in no mood for justice. It seemed to her that she had utterly betrayed and disgraced herself; that never again could she venture to show herself in a world where Florence Byrne, Grace Allison, and, above all, Jack Davenant lived, moved, and had their being.

Sick with shame, hot and cold with anguish, poor Ethel sat cowering in the great drawing room like a guilty thing.

After dinner she put on her hat and stole out into the street. She had been indoors all day and could bear it no longer. The evening was still as light as day, and simple-minded couples were loitering with frank affection in Regent's park. She had not gone far before she saw a large, familiar figure bearing down in her direction.

"Oh, how I hate him—I hate him!" she thought again, while her heart beat with maddening rapidity. "If he has a spark of kindness he will pretend not to see me."

But Jack, for it was he, made no such pretence. On the contrary, he not only raised his hat, but came up to her with outstretched hand. She put her cold fingers mechanically into his and scanned his face; there was neither mirth nor disgust in it; and the thought flashed across her, chilling while it relieved her, that he probably attached little importance to an incident which she, knowing her own secret, had deemed but one interpretation possible. And then, before she knew what had happened, Jack was walking along by her side, pouring out a torrent of indignant reproaches as to her desertion of him in favor of Dicky Carshalton at the Warrington's party.

"It is you," cried Ethel, with spirit, for the unexpected turn of affairs restored her courage—"it is you, Mr. Davenant, who were unkind, to stand by and let old friends be victimed without striking a blow in their behalf! Pray what did you expect me to do? Was I to have said: "No, thank you, Mr. Carshalton; I prefer to stay here with Mr. Davenant?'"

"And if you had said it, would it have been true?"

She changed her tone suddenly.

"Dicky is such a bore! I think I prefer any one's society to his."

He stopped short in the path, seized both her hands and looked down at her with stern and passionate eyes.

A close-linked couple strolling by remarked to one another that there had been a row and then refreshed themselves with half a dozen kisses.

"Ethel," said Jack, in an odd voice, "its no use pretending. You do think of me sometimes; I happen to know it."

She was looking up at him, but at this allusion the sweet face flushed and dropped suddenly.

"Ethel"—Jack's voice sounded stranger and stranger; was he going to laugh or cry, and why on earth did he speak so low—"Ethel, do you know what signature I should like to see to your letters?"

This was too much.

"No, I don't!" She lifted her flushed face; the cruel tears shone and smarted in her eyes.

"Can't you guess?"

"No."

The momentary defiance had died; a very meek whisper came from the pale lips.

"Can't you guess? Then shall I tell you, Ethel? 'Ethel Davenant'—that's what I should like to see at the bottom of all your letters. Shall I ever see it?"

"Jack!"

Further explanation is needless. When next they met Mr. Carshalton both Jack and Ethel were beyond the reach of his maneuvers.—*Temple Bar.*

Humbugging an Animal Dealer.

Jamrach, the celebrated London dealer in strange animals, picks up many bargains from the mates and stewards of the vast fleet that sails or steams into the Thames on every tide from the four quarters of the globe. But sometimes he gets picked up himself. A few years ago he bought for a few cents a very rare and therefore valuable animal from a mate, just in from, say, New Guinea. Presently the mate saw his venture in the "Zoo" with a great gaping crowd about its cage, and learned that the Society had paid a small fortune for the curiosity. "I'll fix him," says the mate. So the next voyage he returned with the very rarest curiosity ever seen in or out of the London docks. "Hullo," says Jamrach, fairly excited, "what do you call that, now?" "Dunno," says the mate, indifferently. "Looks like a bald squirrel," says Jamrach, and the mate said him not nay, for certainly it did look like the baldest possible squirrel, and of the queerest color, too, "sort of no color at all," as Jamrach put it. Well, in three minutes Jamrach had bought that rare animal for $50 down, and in three hours he was back on the stone dock raging at the mate, laughing loud at the far end of a long hawser. "You've sold me a shaved rat," shouted Jamrach. "I just have," laughed the mate. "Ship's doctor chloroformed him for fun and ship's barber shaved him for a glass of beer. Anything else in our line this morning."

Is Ice Water a Healthy Drink?

In the opinion of the *Sanitary Volunteer*, the official organ of the New Hampshire Board of Health, there is a great deal of sentiment and many opinions regarding the use of ice water that vanish when the light of reason and experience is turned upon them. The fact is that ice water, drank slowly and in moderate quantities, constitutes a healthful and invigorating drink. There is no doubt that ice is a great sanitary agent, and every family ought to be provided with it during the warmer months of the year. It is true that the inordinate use of ice water, or its use under some special conditions and circumstances, is attended with great danger; so is the improper use of any other drink or food. The assumption that iced water is dangerous, and that iced tea, or iced coffee, or iced lemonade is a harmless substitute, is simply a delusion. As the source of danger feared by some is the degree of cold, we fail to see clearly how flavor modifies the effect of temperature. There are individuals, undoubtedly, who cannot drink ice water without injury, and who ought never to use it, but to a great majority of persons it is refreshing and healthful. Its use, temperate and discreet, is in no way to be condemned, which cannot be said of some of its substitutes.—*Sanitary News.*

A Snug Little Holland Isle.

Texel, or Tessel, is a low, flat island in the North Sea, belonging to Holland. It is separated from the main land by Texel strom, a body of water two miles and a half across. Here, in neutral waters, Paul Jones found food and refuge while he recruited his shattered fleet and prizes. The island is about thirteen miles long, and its greatest breadth six miles. It contains a population of about 6200, engaged in agriculture, fishing and boat building, or piloting. It has rich pasturage, and rears large numbers of cattle and sheep of superior quality. The island is a favorite resort of wild fowl, which lay immense quantities of eggs there. For this reason its northern part is known as Eyerland or Eggland.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Dubuque, Iowa, has a woman street car driver.

Adelina Patti's favorite song is "Maggie Judah."

There are 275 women preachers in the United States.

The merry bouillon cups sells from $20 to $25 the dozen.

Swell dinner gowns have skirts that sweep the floor slightly.

The Order of the King's Daughters numbers 97,000 members.

Wedding albums are the latest fashion among Transatlantic ladies.

The new enamel jewelry and ornaments faithfully imitate many flowers.

Chenille embroideries are used as a border on dresses of cotton crepes.

Carlotta, ex-Empress of Mexico, lives in a castle in Belgium in seclusion.

Miss Nellie Gould, who will inherit $20,000,000, dresses on $2500 a year.

Light gray gloves are worn for calls, and darker shades for the promenade.

Dainty bedroom slippers are made of a square of silk tied around and draped on a cork sole.

Vienna china is fragile as an eggshell, and the price for a tea set is not much under $100.

The new Duchess of Portland has refused to permit her photographs to be offered for sale.

One of the chief claims of a widow is said to be the understanding of the fine art of sympathy.

Widows' veils of English crape hang to the foot in front, and fall below the waist in the back.

Combinations of green and blue are very fashionable, but one or the other color must be very dark.

The soft silk sash is the boon of the passing season to women who must wear their gowns of last summer.

The Queen of Siam wears one and a half inch boots. They are all made with low heels and average $10 a pair.

Sunshades in bright yellow or dull red silk are made very becoming to the bearer by a lining and flounce of black lace.

Mrs. Oliver, of Athens, Ga., is eighty-seven years old, and she does not remember to have ever taken a drink of water.

A small town near Morgantown, W. Va., has an eccentric woman who wears a different colored wig each day in the week.

Jules Simon, the French statesman, has lately declared himself in favor of granting sufferage to single women and widows.

A Reading (Penn.) youth has an unsurpassed record as a rejected suitor. He has been refused seventeen times by the same girl.

A new kind of merveilleux silk has been manufactured which will wash, and which is especially appropriate for children's dresses.

A fancy addition to the plain skirt of net and lace now in vogue, an idea which comes from Paris, is a small lace ruffle sewed to the edge.

You can get into a woman's good graces easier by pleasing her baby than by flattering herself. Mother pride is stronger than female vanity.

There are four ladies' cricket clubs in the west end of London, and there are said to be some very dexterous players among the members.

The fish-net fabric now used for dresses offers one objection. It catches on every projecting corner and rough-edged object within reach.

Violet-tinted Venetian crepaline forms an exquisite toilet for a four o'clock tea. Gold-embroidered bands look dainty on the lilac silk blouse and petticoat.

Yokes, which form a part of many of the bodices for cotton gowns, are rounded at the front and back, and do not reach the bottom of the armholes at the side.

The gigot or leg-of-mutton sleeve, all in one piece, and with its fulness at the top wrinkled around the arm, is the growing favorite with Paris dressmakers.

Bodices of bright cashmere are worn at the seaside with plaid mohair and taffeta silk skirts. The bodices and sleeves are as elaborate as the skirts are plain.

The Empress Frederick is to write the memoirs of her husband. It is said the book will be published in England to avoid the terrible blue pencil of Prince Bismarck.

The young ladies at the Delaware Water Gap, Penn., had a "paint and powder party" one night lately, each maiden appearing with powdered hair and painted cheeks.

From Bar Harbor, Me., comes news that the craze for collecting autographs and locks of hair has given place to a mania for fragments of the cast-off wardrobes of men of note, which the ladies work into "cosies" and fancy articles.

The reformed mourning as suggested by Lady Habberton is a small band of black worn around one arm. For widows and widowers it might be made with a narrow edge of white or gray; for other relations it might be all black or have an edge of red or blue.

A woman's art club of twenty members has been organized in Philadelphia. The society, which calls itself "Bohemia," is a very merry one, and the members manage to extract a great deal of pleasure from life, although they are all poor, orphans, and homeless.

The Empress Haru of Japan is an ardent friend of all schemes for advancing the social and legal standing of Japanese women. She has literary tastes and writes poetry. It is never published, but appears in autograph form on screens used in her private apartments.

Trunkmakers say that the gigantic Saratogas are "out of style," and that women of good sense are preferring to buy two moderate-sized trunks, about forty inches long, with flat tops and iron bands, and oak tips. Wicker trunks are also popular—both with women and expressmen.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

HOW TO SEW ON BUTTONS.

When you begin, before you lay the button on the cloth stuff, put the thread through so that the knot will be on the right side. That leaves it under the button, and prevents it from being worn or ironed away, and thus beginning the loosening process. Then, before you begin sewing, lay a large pin across the button, so that all your threads will go over the pin. After you have finished filling the holes with thread, draw out the pin and wind your thread round and round beneath the button. That makes a compact stem to sustain the possible pulling and wear of the button hole. Buttons thus sewn scarcely ever come off.—*New York Dispatch.*

CRYSTALLIZING GRASSES AND FERNS.

It is time to gather grasses, ferns and leaves for crystallizing, spatter-work, skeletonizing, etc. Their greatest beauty is when they are in full blossom. They should be gathered on a dry, clear day. For crystallizing, I put the leaves and grasses in vases or jars in a closet where they will be free from dust, to dry. Use alum and pure water in the proportion of a pound of alum to a gallon of water, and boil it until it is all dissolved. Pour this into a wide-mouthed jar, and when it has become luke-warm, suspend the grasses in bunches, by thread, from a stick resting on the top of the jar, so that they will be immersed in the solution. Do not jar the leaves until the deposit takes place; this generally begins after fifteen hours. When the leaves are nicely coated, remove them carefully and hang them up to dry. The same solution may be used again, but the crystals will not be as large on the second lot of leaves.—*Prairie Farmer.*

HOW TO LAUNDRY COLORED FABRICS

Ginghams, chintzes and calicoes should not be put in hot or pearline water, neither in water that is dirty from the washing of other articles. Heavy flour starching and drying in hot sun fades colors. The plainest colors in these goods should be washed in clean, cold water the first and second time at least. Much depends upon saving their color when first wet.

Among the pretty cheap goods bought for the children this season was a dress, bright plaid. It made up into a beautiful school dress. One of my friends bought from the same piece for her daughter. When they were laundried one was put into boiling water and allowed to remain there for a couple of hours to set the color. When dried it was a sorry-looking dress. The red stripes faded and the white dyed red and the looks of the goods were spoiled forever. The other was put into a pail of cold water, to which was added a tablespoonful of salt, and allowed to stand about fifteen minutes. Then, with a rub of soap here and there, it was washed in the same water by hand, rinsed in two waters—one blue—starched in clear starch, hung in shade to dry; when dried and ironed the white had the faintest tinge of red, all the colors being bright and beautiful. The second time it was washed it was again put into cold water without the salt, then put into water that was warm and soapy from the rinsing of some white clothes; it was washed quickly on the board, rinsed and treated as before, and when ironed it looked as well as when new, the white was clear and the colors bright. It will now always wash on account of the two careful washings.

Salt sets the colors and cold water fades them very little, if any. Very hot irons fades the colors.—*Detroit Free Press.*

RECIPES.

Chicken Soup—Cut up one chicken, put into a stewpan two quarts of cold water, a teaspoonful of salt and one pod of red pepper; when half done add two dessert spoonfuls of well washed rice; when thoroughly cooked, remove the bird from the soup, tear a part of the breast into shreds—saving the remainder of the fowl for a salad—and add it to the soup with a wineglassful of cream.

Bread Pudding—Soak a pint of grated bread crumbs in one and a half pints of milk. Beat up the yolks of two eggs with a tablespoonful sugar, a little salt and the grated rind of one lemon, mix into the bread and place in an oven to bake. Whisk the whites of an egg with a tablespoonful of powdered sugar and the juice of half a lemon, and when light add to the pudding, return to the oven again and bake to a light brown.

Fish Pie—Take any firm-fleshed fish, cut in slices, and season with salt and pepper; let stand in a cool place for two or three hours, then put the sliced fish in a baking dish, with a little cream or water, and butter and flour rubbed to a cream with minced parsley and hard-boiled eggs sliced; line the sides of the dish half way down, and cover with a nice paste. Bake in an oven quick at first, but gradually growing moderate.

Rice Griddle Cakes—Boil half a cup of rice; when cold mix one quart sweet milk, the yolks of four eggs, and flour sufficient to make a stiff batter; beat the whites to a stiff froth, stir in one teaspoonful of soda, and two of cream of tartar, add a little salt, and lastly the whites of the eggs; bake on a griddle. Serve by spreading them while hot with butter, and also any kind of jelly or preserves; roll them up neatly, cut off the ends, sprinkle with sugar and serve quickly.

Stuffed and Baked Tomatoes—From the blossom end of a dozen tomatoes—smooth, ripe and solid—cut a thin slice, and with a small spoon scoop out the pulp without breaking the rind surrounding it. Chop a small head of cabbage and good-sized onion finely, and mix with them fine bread crumbs and the pulp. Season with pepper and salt and add a cup of sweet cream. When all is well mixed, fill the tomato shells, and place the tomatoes in a buttered baking-dish, cut ends up, and put in the pans just enough water to keep them from burning. Drop a small lump of butter in each tomato and bake till well done. Serve in the same dish.